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FEBRUARY 6, 1908

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ILLUSTRATION



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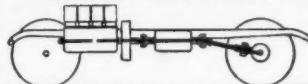
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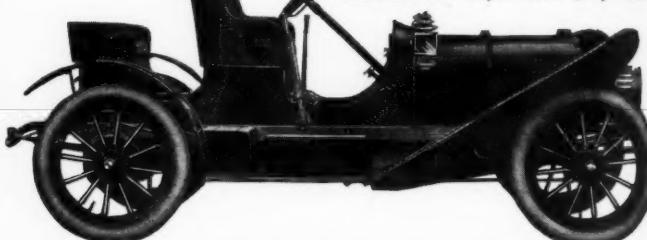
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The
Literary
Zoo -

A Poet Passes

THESE foreigners in New York are disconcerting people. Their ways are not our ways. They have much to learn from us—much to unlearn before they can fall in step with the onward march of our civilization. And then again—

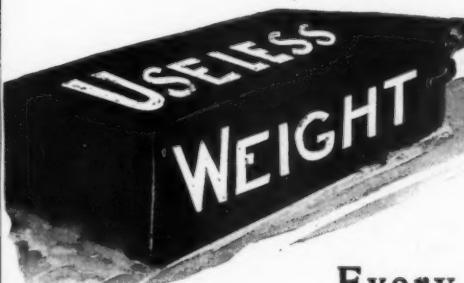
When Abraham Goldfaden died, the other day, in his home on the lower East Side, all the Ghetto swarmed to his funeral. Unlike the Irish and Italians, the Jews spend little money on funerals; a pine box instead of a casket commonly encloses their dead. But this was the funeral of a great man. So a band of singers preceded the hearse, and the long line of carriages—yes, and of automobiles—that followed was as nothing to the crowd of men and women on foot—a crowd so numerous that it overflowed and blackened the spaces of Second Avenue where it widens at St. Mark's. * * *

WHAT was Abraham Goldfaden's title to such a demonstration of the people's grief and respect? Only this: that he was a poet, philosopher, playwright, and that all his life long (in Russia, Buda-Pesth, Paris, Manhattan) his philosophy, poems, plays, were informed with one dominant idea—the greater glory of Zion. Money was never Goldfaden's god. Three years ago the manager of a Yiddish theatre in the Bowery found him slowly starving in Paris on the pension of 40 francs a month that proclaimed him a Rothschild beneficiary. New York has four theatres devoted to the Yiddish drama; Goldfaden, enriched with a subsidy of \$600, came here and wrote plays for them. People called him the Yiddish Shakespeare. He had long been famous, and now he was fed; the Yiddish theatre is not, after all, a Broadway temple of the drama; and Goldfaden was content with his salary of \$20 a month. * * *

AS WE remarked before, these foreigners in New York are disconcerting people, and their ways are not our ways. It is true that we have no American Shakespeare. The climate, the food—whatever it may be that produces a national literature according to the theories of the late Hippolyte Taine—has not, somehow, conduced to the birth of genius. Possibly there are other causes, too. At any rate, we still await the coming of the great American novelist, poet, playwright. And when he does come, and when he dies, will our streets be blocked with men and women on foot, with a choir to lead the way?

We wonder.

Why buy
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"It takes power to move weight!"

Every pound of a motor-car
costs money every time you move. Money for
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The strong, high-power, light-weight Franklins give you everything you can get in any heavy automobile except needless trouble and expense.

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The Franklin wood-frame is lighter than steel and at the same time stronger. The aluminum Franklin bodies are lighter than wood but stronger. Franklin cast-aluminum parts are stronger than alloy commonly used, but no heavier. The Franklin drive-shaft is much lighter than an ordinary drive shaft but a great deal stronger, and so all through the machine.

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The Franklin is the only 4-cylinder motor-car that ever ran 95 miles on 2 gallons of gasoline; the only automobile that ever ran from San Francisco to New York in 15 days, 2 hrs. 18 minutes; or from Chicago to New York in 39 hours 53 minutes. No heavy machine ever showed such efficiency, sustained power and endurance.

What's the use of power that you can't use? What is the sense of paying big bills for the up-keep of a heavy complicated machine and getting no proportionate return? The light-weight, high-power Franklin means:

Ability that you can use; trouble avoided; dollars saved.

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Made of pure "Comfy felt," soft leather soles with
one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and
felt and leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread.
Ideal for the bed-room.

Colors: Red, Pink, Light Blue,
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A Time-Worn Conundrum

A POPULAR magazine with an immense circulation in rural communities threatens to print a readers' symposium on that unquenchable question: "Is the man of action greater than the man of letters?"

Only once, so far as we are aware, has that interrogation elicited an unanswerable pronouncement. The subject occupied the minds of the first debating society during the long dreary days when the ark was drifting towards Ararat; and the debate—so the tradition runs—had become slightly acrimonious, when Noah himself took a hand in it. "See here," he remarked, suddenly, to the leader of the negative section, "where would you literary fellows be if I hadn't built this ark?" Then the dove flew in with an olive branch and literature was tabooed till the corn was laid by.

* * *

THE significant thing about this tradition is that Noah is probably the only man of action on record who has not believed in his heart that he could run a newspaper or write a play if he only put his mind to it. Conversely, the man of letters, while modestly doubting his ability to do anything of real practical value, is prone to pathetic envy of his neighbor who builds bridges and designs houses. The dream of a certain popular novelist, whose name we withhold for obvious reasons, is that some day he may own and operate a sausage factory; in his moments of greatest depression he has been known to compromise on the airy fabric of a delicatessen shop. We could point our finger at a distinguished literary critic whose cherished ambition is that his name shall some day become a household word through the medium of a patent device for dusting books. These are but humbler forms of the conviction entertained by Louis Stevenson, to which he gave expression in verse, that he had done nothing to compare with the nobler work of lighthouse building achieved by his immediate male ancestors. Kipling wrote a little story called "A Conference of the Powers," wherein a famous author finds himself an object of veneration by certain hero-worshipping Subalterns of the Line; but the author himself, awed before these youthful embodiments of action, can only ask, "You! Have you shot a man?"

On the other hand, your practical man of genius turned writer is pretty sure to be prouder of his later laurels than of his first-won fame: a case in point is Dr. Weir Mitchell.

* * *

THE question which Noah settled out of hand for the time being, but which persists in bobbing up as a substitute for parochialism and "Old Maid," will hardly engross

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"Its purity has made it famous."

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*The Genuine Aristocrats of the World
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Applauded by the belles—sought
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the attention of any philosopher who has found a stick to whittle. The wholesome habit of solitary meditation is not so easily debauched, and the person who permits himself that luxury is not likely to dissipate it in fine-spun futilities.

The "Cheaper" Magazines

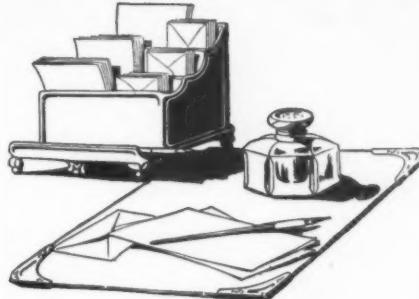
NOT every one whose scheme of self-education includes a faithful perusal of *The Evening Post* can be expected to rise invariably to its intellectual plane. Yet we did not suppose that it numbered among its readers a lowly intelligence that would presume actually to challenge its authority as an arbiter of literary taste. Such, however, is the case. A Saratoga correspondent takes his pen in hand to speak a word in defense of the "cheap" magazines, which had been the subject of a disparaging editorial; and it is greatly to the credit of the *Post* that it prints his letter in full. The correspondent is careful to make it clear that he is no outcast; he really prefers the *Atlantic*, *Century* and *Putnam's*. "But," he continues, "I do not feel it any self-derogation to read the illustrated articles (barring fiction) in several of the cheaper magazines—in fact, I find some entertainment and instruction in them."

* * *

THE editors of the ten-cent magazines may well feel gratified. Of course, they know very well that in catering to the masses they are repelling more fastidious readers. As purveyors of literature to the plain people they find their satisfaction (at least, so we understand it) in reaching the minds and hearts of the millions who otherwise would not read magazines at all. It is the policy pursued for similar reasons by the proprietors of the newspaper "yellows," with the educational effect on the general public that nobody can deny. But the feeling that one is elevating the humble is not always sustaining to the consciousness of higher powers; and so the "cheaper" editors will prize the assurance that "self-derogation" does not necessarily attend an inspection of their wares (fiction excluded) by a prosperous and educated reader.

Pure French Literature

WE HAVE always maintained that the French were not frivolous at heart. Now comes M. Hugues Leroux and his earnest associates to clinch our contention. They would prove to Americans that France has nourished a higher form of literature than the output of Zola, Maupassant, *et compagnie*; and to this end they are taking pains possible only to the serious-minded. In attempting to estimate the degree of judgment and acumen possessed by these upright and sincere gentlemen in their mission of enlightenment, and to decide whether there is any real



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It's the tobacco and
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that makes the difference to experienced pipe smokers. Take any pipe, from a penny clay to the finest meerschaum; fill it with

Spilman Mixture

and you have a perfect smoke. A careful blend of the finest tobaccos of the world. Not cheap, but the best.

Without a bite or a regret.

OUR OFFER

If your dealer hasn't it, send his name and a dollar (at our risk). We will send you a 75c. can of tobacco and a 50c. kid, rubber lined pouch. Try the tobacco. Smoke several pipefuls. If it doesn't suit your taste send the rest back and we will return your dollar.

3 1/2 oz. 75c. 1/2 lb. \$1.65 1 lb. \$3.30
PREPAID

Send for booklet, "How to Smoke a Pipe."

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The DIGESTIVE Stout

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LUYTIES BROTHERS
NEW YORK



warrant for it, it is necessary to detach utterly the cause and the crusaders from certain other synchronous expressions of the French mind. Thus we must dismiss, as irrelevant and impertinent, the recent announcement that the French Government has made Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy an *Officier d'Académie*, in recognition of a certain book exhibit. The French are not notably deficient in the sense of humor, and their appreciation at this particular time of an imported scientific Christianity sustains the traditions of the *esprit Gaulois*. Similarly, we must not allow ourselves to be confused by observing that Parisians have taken such a violent fancy to Mark Twain that they have made overtures for the dramatic rights of his earlier sketches, such as "How to Run an Agricultural Paper." *

PERSONALLY we have not been pursued by the "scrofulous French novel on gray paper in blunt type." We have even somehow received the impression that the great mass of Americans satisfied their craving for the morbid and unpleasant by means of that considerable fraction of our press which publishes what it euphemistically describes as "a family paper." (Query: Do the French get *their* impressions of *our* domestic life through the perusal of these journals?) The British, as Mrs. Browning has complained, "have a scornful insular way of calling the French 'light'"; but do we, as a nation, entertain the mischievous conception of French life and literature deplored by *Le Matin* and M. Leroux? *

YES, it must be so. Nothing less than a minute and exhaustive examination of our literary importations from France could have prompted this educational movement, whose instigators, with official approval, are establishing book agencies and lecture bureaus in the United States for the dissemination of French *belles lettres*. When a Paris book agent knocks at your door, remember the watchword of his nation—*toujours la politesse*; and do not turn him away. He is only seeking to wean you from Daudet, Bourget, Mendes, Loti, Balzac, the Abbé Prevost; and to lead you gently through "Paul et Virginie," "Aucassin et Nicolette"—upward and onward to Georges Ohnet and "Le roman d'un jeune homme pauvre."

* * *

BUT these well-meant efforts will avail nothing unless the propagandists strike at the root of the evil. In a scrupulous endeavor to trace the cause of American misconception of French ways, we think we have hit upon a primary source of such perversion. Every inquiring child in a literate American family, when confronted for the first time with the mysterious word, PREFACE, appeals to

The first Derby made in America was a
C. & K.

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KNAPP-FELT
hats, in their
noticeable ele-
gance of style,
show very clearly
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artistic hand-
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of machinery.

KNAPP-FELT De Luxe hats,
the best made, are Six Dollars—
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Four Dollars, everywhere.

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We are making speedy runs through this particular stock. Time and space are imposing heavy fines by way of reductions. Among the record-breaking values are the following:

Gentlemen's Fur Lined, Black Cloth Coats, new models, \$100 and upward. Chauffeur Coats in Racoons . . . \$75.00 Chauffeur Coats in Siberian Dog 28.00 Chauffeur Coats in Cloth, dark grey and mixtures . . \$25.00 to 35.00

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parental elucidation. Is that child truthfully and seriously taught its meaning, in accordance with the principles of elementary training advocated by H. G. Wells and our own beloved President? Alas! no. The innocent, confiding youngster is told that PREFACE is an anagram, to be interpreted by reading the initial letters forward, and then backward, as follows: "Peter Rice eats fish, alligators catch eels, eels catch alligators, Frenchmen eat rotten potatoes."

Frenchmen eat rotten potatoes! Insidious slander, which, entering into the subconscious mind of the child, may well become a permanent misconception of the adult understanding confronted through life with Prefaces. If we must have them, in future, insist that they shall be Forewords.

Cuss Words in Literature

SOMEBODY who writes from East Northfield, Mass., points out with sorrow, in a letter to the *Evening Post*, "the constantly increasing practice with writers of stories in the magazines, and publishers of the same, of writing and publishing in their stories such expressions of profanity as they cannot but know are an offense to God and to all who seek to hallow His name, and which cannot fail to exert a great influence for evil in young readers." The correspondent would have persons to whom profanity is an offense refuse to buy or read these inconsiderate publications, whose editors do not constrain their writers to the use of proper language.

We guess it is true that there is more minor profanity in print than there used to be—more "devils," "damns," and "hells," but that is as far as it goes. We question whether the use of these expletives is a serious annoyance to the Higher Powers. It belongs more in the plane of manners than of religion. If it is a bad thing to print these bad words the case may be helped without going to the drastic extreme the complainant recommends, simply by dissuading the story writers from introducing such improper and ill-speaking folks into their tales. If a character does say "damn," it is just as well, as we see it, to print this bad word, but, of course, there is much to be said in favor of excluding persons who say "damn" from stories altogether until they can make their conversation suitable for the parlor.

Lots of characters who are not at all nice get into the story-books in these days. Some of them do much worse things than say "damn," and some of the lady-writers are particularly hospitable to them.

Naughty! Naughty! They shouldn't do it! It is the dev— Oh, no! It is a *job* of superlative difficulty to make people behave and speak as they should in actual life, but at least the story people can be made to do it. And they should; oh, yes, they should.

W. T. L.



The Miracle of the ANGELUS

That all who have ever heard the Spirit Call of Music—that all who have ever felt the want of music in their lives—that all who are music hungry, yet lack the skill to satisfy their musical desires—that anyone, with only a love of music, can go to the piano whenever fancy dictates and, without study or practice of any kind, play anything in all piano-music that may be desired—This is the miracle of the ANGELUS!

Ever since its invention in 1895, this marvelous little instrument has been accomplishing musical wonders almost beyond belief, astonishing musician and non-musician alike by the wonderfully artistic results that are secured by its aid. So completely human-like is the music the ANGELUS enables one to produce, and with such beautiful expression can each selection be rendered, that, when the instrument itself is not directly in view, even the most critical ear would fail to detect a shade of difference between your performance on the ANGELUS and the actual hand-playing of an expert pianist.

The unquestioned success of the ANGELUS has inspired a great number of imitators—but other instruments are only imitations at best, as they do not provide you with sufficient means for proper expression. The others may please for a time—until the novelty wears off—but the ANGELUS is absolutely the only piano-player that ever wholly satisfies the *ambitious musician*, as the ANGELUS alone supplies those wonderful patented expression devices, the *Melodant* and *Phrasing Lever*. You have but to hear and play the ANGELUS yourself to appreciate the great gulf between the original and its imitators.

The ANGELUS in the form of a small portable cabinet can be used to play any make or style of piano. Price, \$250. The ANGELUS is also incorporated in high-grade upright pianos, making the KNABE-ANGELUS piano, the EMERSON-ANGELUS piano and the ANGELUS PIANO, ranging in price from \$550 upwards.

Write us for descriptive literature and name of ANGELUS representative in your locality.

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Suppose we could furnish you a better smoking tobacco than you have ever tried, for less money? Interest you, wouldn't it? Our booklet, free, will interest you. Department 11, Wilda Tobacco Company, Chatham, Va.

TEN CENTS A WORD

TO WRITERS: A page in *Success Magazine* (about 2,000 words) will hereafter be devoted to the best obtainable stories about people, writings, clever verse, and very short fiction, under the heading of "Point and Pleasantry." Ten cents a word will be paid for everything which may appear on this page. Address all contributions to the Editor *Success Magazine*, Washington Square, New York.

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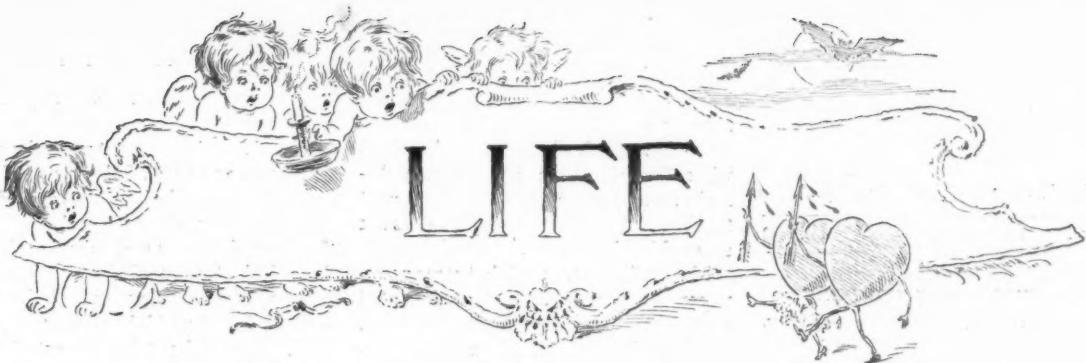
DOES NOT SHRINK

"They're all on the Favourite"



USHER'S
SPECIAL RESERVE
WHISKY





A Valentine



LOVE takes no heed of winter,
For on this snowy sheet
Young Cupid, master printer,
Sets forth a lyric sweet;
A song of love that closes
With that familiar line
Which birds repeat to roses—
Pray, be my Valentine!

Love laughs at winter's flurries;
Indeed, what should he care?
His herald, Cupid, hurries
To one whose face is fair—
To her whose smile like summer
Shall light this song of mine—
To win the promise from her
To be my Valentine!

Just now the winter captures
My heart, and all is doubt;
But Cupid knows where raptures
Of love are hid without.
So, sweet, when he makes clear that
I wait, and pray and pine,
Just whisper in his ear that
You'll be my Valentine!

Julian Durand.

Points for the Unemployed

Dear Life—Can you suggest any new way for a person out of a job to make a temporary living in these temporarily distressful times?

Yours anxiously,
SUFFERER.

New York, January 10, 1908.

YOURS is not the first inquiry of this nature that has come to us, and we have put our mind a good deal on the question. The best suggestion that our reflections enable us as yet to make to you is that you shall qualify yourself to give private lessons in hibernation. We have met many persons—whole families of them—who would like extremely to hibernate this winter if they knew how. They would pay money to learn, and if you could teach them how, or even give them lessons—which is not quite the same thing—we think you would find a profit in it.

Of course, you will ask next how you



THE GOOD SAINT VALENTINE

can learn enough to give the lessons. We suggest that you communicate with President Roosevelt, who is an authority on this subject, as on all matters connected with natural history. Also observe our local bears in the region below Canal

Street. They have not hibernated yet this year, but it looks as though they would have to, and may be, if you look sharp, you can catch them at it, and learn how. There is millions in this secret if you can penetrate it.

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI. FEBRUARY 6, 1908 No. 1319

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



IT WAS in the paper a fortnight ago that a newspaper photographer wanted the law to avenge him of an injury sustained under the following circumstances: A European gentleman of title, who purposed to marry one of the daughters of New York, came out of the house of the young lady's mother to go to drive with his betrothed, and found the photographer planted on the sidewalk with his machine in position to take a picture of the young lady as she came out to her carriage. The European gentleman objected to the intentions of the newspaper gentleman and asked him to desist, but the newspaper gentleman was obdurate and stood his ground. Whereupon, the European gentleman added some moderate measure of physical force to his remonstrances, so that the newspaper gentleman was unable at that time to effect his photographic purpose. But he was much aggrieved at the European gentleman's interference and went to a magistrate and asked for a warrant for the European gentleman's arrest. It was refused, but he got a summons for the objecting alien to come to court and explain.

The state of our intelligence is such—so benighted, it may be—that we cannot understand why a newspaper gentleman who undertakes to take a lady's picture, against her wish, to publish in a newspaper, should feel aggrieved at any suitable means being taken by any one concerned or interested to prevent him from doing it. It seems to us that to take anybody's picture against his will is a kind of assault, and should be so recognized by law. Maybe it is so recognized. We hear that it is unlawful in New York to photo-

graph objecting victims, but if there is a law, it is not enforced. The natural thing for any man to do under the circumstances set forth above is, surely, to do what the European gentleman did—make sure by any prompt means adapted to the case that the photographer does not succeed in his purpose.

Now and then we read that some newspaper photographer, who has attempted to rape a likeness from some remonstrant, has had his camera broken. But, curiously, he always feels aggrieved and resentful, and, curiously, too, the image-breaking remonstrant seems, almost always, to pay in the end for the damage done. He does so, usually, to save time and trouble, but it is ridiculous that he should pay anything. Reasonable actions in self-defense, or in defense of a person threatened with injury, are warrantable. To photograph a willing or indifferent person is no harm, but to photograph an unwilling person is an injury of the impudence and outrageousness of which the newspaper photographers seem to have no conception.



GOVERNOR HUGHES'S recommendation to the New York Legislature to prohibit race-track betting on horse races seems unlikely to commend itself to the legislators. It is considered that such a law as the Governor wants would be practically a law to abolish horse racing in New York State, for horse racing, so far as appears, does not flourish where betting is prohibited.

And why should it flourish? There are several reasons. One is that it improves the breed of horses. That is a sound enough reason as far as it goes, for the thoroughbred stock imported and diffused for racing purposes does put new energies and better hearts and bones into the prevalent families of horses. Another reason is that the license fees paid by race tracks go to support the agricultural fairs of the State, and the fairs want the money. Both of these reasons have practical weight, but neither of them impresses us very profoundly. A better one than either seems to be that New York is a great world center of wealth and civilization; that it is the habit of Christendom to provide race tracks and races for the diversion of such centers, and that it

would be a bit of Puritanical tyranny to shut New York off from that phase of sporting experience.

New York was tolerant as a colony and is tolerant as a State. It has an admirable tradition of broadmindedness and of concern for the preservation of reasonable freedom of thought and behavior. It may have lacked some of the great Puritan virtues, but it has never had the great Puritan faults, and it has got along pretty well. It would not be characteristic of New York to prohibit horse racing, and we guess she won't do it.

Efforts to drag the millennium into the ring by the ears do not really get it any farther. It doesn't come that way, and especially not by legislation. It breaks out from the inside like measles, but not until it is ripe. It is not so nearly ripe yet but that horse racing can go on a spell without being in its way.



THE bill before Congress to give ex-Presidents life pensions of ten thousand dollars a year may be an imperfect bill, but its aim is exceedingly commendable. The bill provides that the distinguished pensioners shall be life delegates to Hague Peace Congresses. They would be very suitable for that duty, but whether that, or any other, duty is assigned them, they ought to have life pensions at least as great as those proposed. The Presidential salary is very moderate considering the demands made on it. It can easily be spent to the profit of the people as it comes in, and if any considerable portion of it is saved, the saving is effected by economies which it is better that a President should not feel constrained to practice. But any man who has been President of the United States is at a serious disadvantage in making a living. He must always regard the dignity of an ex-President, and that restricts him very much in the choice of employments. Much is asked and expected of him as a public man, and no provision consonant with such expectations is made to enable him to maintain his position.

Pension the ex-Presidents by all means, and do it liberally, so that they may devote themselves to public work without being harassed by money anxieties.



DON'T PROPOSE TO HER FOUR OR FIVE MILES FROM THE HOTEL. IT MAY BE A LONG WALK BACK

Modern Mining Regulations

By ELLIS O. JONES

THE following set of iron-clad rules has just been received from one of the most prominent firms in the mining business. These rules show conclusively that the recent horrible disasters were due to circumstances over which no one could possibly have any control:

Employees killed or injured in mine explosions are positively forbidden from dying on the premises. This is purely a sanitary regulation insisted upon by the health board.

These mines are regularly inspected after every explosion. This is necessitated, not so much for the welfare of the miners, for they are mostly foreigners anyway, as by public clamor.

Widows and orphans of exploded miners are requested to keep away from the offices of the company, as the officers are too tender-hearted to bear the sight of such misery.

The officers of the company take pleasure in announcing the perfection of a device whereby, in future explosions, only undesirable citizens will be automatically selected for slaughter. In view of the extra expense of this to the company, it has been deemed prudent to offer all employees a twenty-five per cent. reduction in wages.



The officers of the company have decided, in the future, to spare no expense, consistent with profits, in protecting the lives of its employees. As a first step in this direction, each employee will henceforth be assessed ten per cent. of his weekly wage for the maintenance of an inspection department.

Notice is hereby given that the United States Court has granted an injunction against the interference of exploded miners with those who remain at work.

Miners who contemplate being blown up will, in future, please use abandoned mines. The reason for this is obvious.

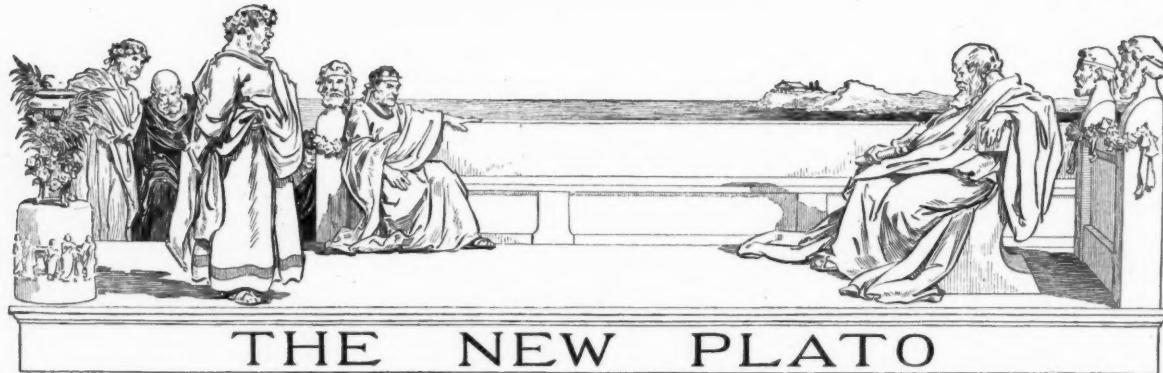
(Signed) BAER & CO,
Mine owners and trustees.

This Is Bad

(*Special to The World*)

WELLSBURG, W. VA., Jan. 22.—Fifty heroic boy students in negligee escorted too frightened co-eds, most of them in their nighties, from the burning girls' dormitory at the Bethany College, near here, early this morning. Despite the panic in the big dormitory none of the girls was injured, though three fainted in the street.

WELL, well! This was highly improper. And how shocking to our New York aldermen who have decreed that women shall not smoke. A few moments later and all those girls might have been doing it.



THE NEW PLATO

On Surgeons

(Socrates Is the Narrator)

I WAS just about to remove my sandals, there being no one present but Agathon, when Appollodorus came in with Eryximachus, the physician, or perhaps I should say surgeon, for I believe there is a distinction between them. And Appollodorus introduced him to me as being the most distinguished and costly of them all.

Sit here, Eryximachus, said I, for I have a desire to converse with you. And first tell me how you came by your vogue.

Easy enough, Socrates, he said, with a smile. I performed operations enough, and I cultivated a kind of austerity and knowingness which prevented my patients from questioning me too closely. For this filled them with awe of me, and I can assure you that this is my most valuable asset.

Well, now, I said, I would have you consider how far your skill entered into it. Also if there were any others like you who could have done the same for less money.

You are insolent, Socrates, he said,

and would have moved his seat, but Appollodorus reminded him who I was and he calmed down.

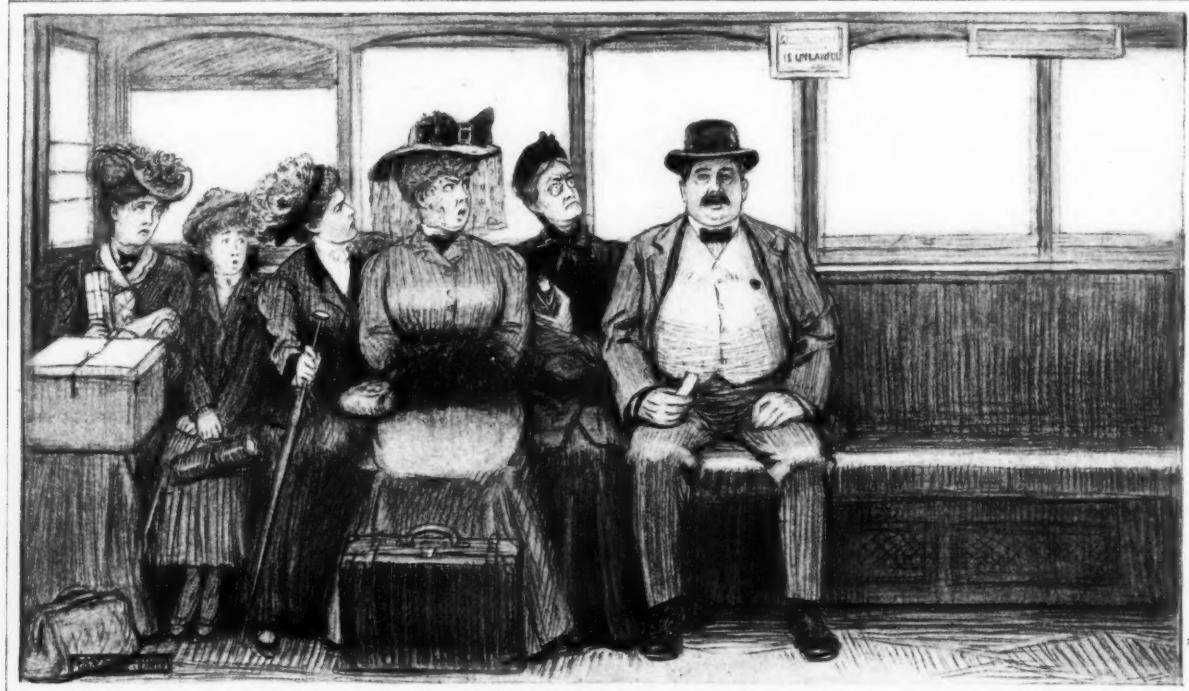
Remember, I said, I am concerned only for the truth of the inquiry. Perhaps then you will tell me what skill is.

It is experience added to native talent, I should say.

Well, then, there is the skill of the tailor, the shoemaker, the weaver. And is yours the same skill, or is it different?

I should say different.

The tailor sews cloth with his hands, and you sew flesh with yours.



THE MAN WHO FORGETS TO MOVE ALONG



"BEGORRY! OI'ME (HIC) BEIN' FOLLERED!"

I think that is so, Socrates.

And does the method of sewing cloth, or the cut of the cloth, or the eye of the maker, differ from the method of surgery?

It seems to. For one thing, flesh is more valuable.

You surprise me greatly, Eryximachus, because I was of the opposite opinion. I was down by the Academy yesterday and a workman was run over by a motor chariot whose owner had insured himself against such annoyances by paying a small sum. And the man was taken into an ambulance, and shortly he died while the surgeons were smoking and laughing. And the next day I looked in the papers, but his name was not recorded. He was a common laborer, Eryximachus, whom possibly you would not have treated. You have said that flesh is valuable.

I do not mean all flesh, Socrates.

Oh, now I begin to see. You should have been more careful in your statement. There is then a difference. There is the flesh of the laborer.

Cheap flesh.

And of the millionaire.

That is valuable.

But is it valuable because it is flesh?

Not necessarily, Socrates. It is valuable because it is valuable.

Then when you are bidden to go somewhere, Eryximachus, you go not to the calls of flesh but to something else?

Yes, Socrates, it is something else, now that you are condescending enough to say so.

I am not saying so. I am only asking you whether it is so or not. And when you operate, you do not

really operate on flesh, but on something else besides flesh.

You must know, Socrates, you appear to be so wise.

But is it flesh, Eryximachus, or is it something else?

It must be flesh. How can it be something else?

But if it was the flesh of a pauper, there would be no operation, so far as you are concerned.

I think not.

And if the flesh of a millionaire, there would be.

I should try to make it so.

What then is the difference between them?

I should say, money.

Then, O Eryximachus, do you operate on money or flesh?

It seems that I operate on money.

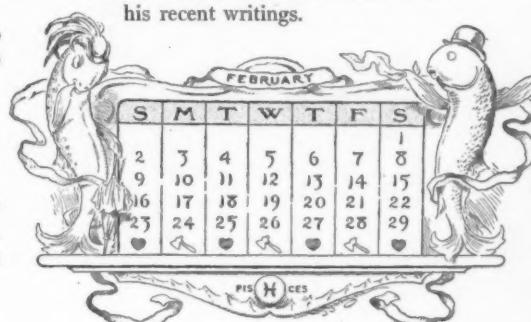
So it would seem. And this puts me in great trepidation, for there is none so poor as I; therefore, I would have to die without you operating on me, and surely, Eryximachus, this would be a calamity; nevertheless, I should try to bear it, being a philosopher.

Preposterous Suggestion



NEW edition of Mr. Henry James's novels is heralded, and Mr. James is accused of intention to rewrite the earlier ones and make them harmonious with the latest.

Awful thought! We hope there is no truth in it. Some of the earliest stories are still read, and if— But he can't mean to disturb them. They don't belong to him, anyhow. They belong to Time, Youth and the Seventies. If Mr. James should set out to smudge them with the fog of his latest period, there would be just ground for belief and assertion that he is really in possession of only such faculties as one would infer from his recent writings.



The Elephant in Our Zoo

By W. T. Larned

IT HAPPENED at a Barye exhibition, where various beasts of prey were represented in postures of encounter and engorgement. Pausing in admiration before a group that pictured a particularly strenuous tiger in the act of destroying a weakling deer, with one bite in the region of—but, no matter; pausing before the sculptured bronze, we were about to indicate in a few well-chosen words (carefully selected from a Huneker essay) the good points of this work of art, when a feminine voice shrilly broke upon our ears, saying: "O, come away! Macy's 'll be closed, and I've had enough of this. I *so* love animals, but, *Things eating Things!*"—an audible shudder completed the sentence, and put a damper on our panegyric.

"*Things eating Things!*" Surely a concentrated criticism that somehow echoed the more elaborate iconoclasm of a Nordau. Was not Barye unwholesome, after all?—degenerate even in his insistent repetition of the lethal and the sanguinary? We consoled ourselves thereafter with an isolated example of his art which has ever held a place of honor in our Zoo—the plaster cast of an elephant in action: the essence of energized force, and of graceful, swift and competent ponderosity.

* * *

THEN there came a day when the rain fell and a raw wind blew, and the gas-log of our study fire glowed with memories of camp and trail. Instinctively we took down from the shelf that stimulating volume in which John Burroughs celebrates a still greater naturalist—Theodore Roosevelt, "the most vital man on the planet." Opening it at random, we are transported to Sagamore Hill; "Oom John," the pupil, sits at the feet of his preceptor, the President. This paragraph leaps from the printed page:

In his study he set before me a small bronze elephant in action, made by the famous French sculptor Barye. He asked me if I saw anything wrong with it. I looked it over carefully, and was obliged to confess that, so far as I could see, it was all right. Then he placed before me another, by a Japanese artist. Instantly I saw what was wrong with the Frenchman's elephant. Its action was like that of a horse or a cow, or any trotting animal—a hind and front foot on opposite sides moving together. The Jap had caught the real movement of the animal, which is that of a pacer—both legs on the same side at a time. What a different effect the two actions gave to the statuettes! The free swing of the Jap's elephant you at once recognize as the real thing. The President laughed, and said he had never seen any criticism of Barye's elephant on this ground, or any allusion to his mistake; it was his own discovery. I was fairly beaten at my own game of observation.

* * *

IF THE book did not fall from our nerveless hand, it is only because we have trained ourselves to avoid the stereotyped

expressions of emotion. That we went so far as to rub our eyes will perhaps be pardoned when it is explained that the Barye elephant in our Zoo is pacing—with "both legs on the same side at a time."

What did it mean? What *could* it mean? Vainly have we put the question to ourselves and to others. Vainly have we sought to unravel the tangle of inconsistencies and contradictions. That the owner of the elephant at Sagamore Hill could by any chance mistake a pace for a trot, and thus draw a sweeping conclusion from an incorrect premise, is, of course, unthinkable. It would, moreover, involve us in the grotesque absurdity of supposing that Mr. Burroughs was hypnotized by his teacher. Is it possible that Barye also modeled a trotting elephant? If so, was his pacer an afterthought, inspired by the superior art of the Orient?

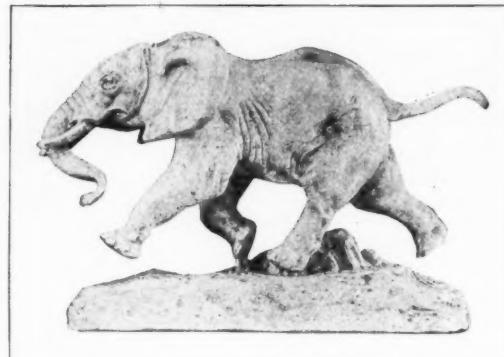
That assumption is pure hypothesis, and by no means sets our mind at rest. It would be interesting to know by what process of reasoning, or through what advantage of observation, the President has decided that the pacing pachyderm is true, the trotter untrue, to nature. Our own acquaintance with living elephants being limited to the circus, where their gait was no faster than a walk, we do not presume to question his authority; but we do sincerely wish that Mr. Burroughs had pressed the point. A friend of ours who has carefully studied Mr. Roosevelt's habits of inductive ratiocination explains it in this way:

Mr. Roosevelt's first impression of a sculptured elephant in action came to him in the form of the Japanese representation; the image, without reference to its visual source, sank into his consciousness and became his own conception; the animal's correct gait was fixed forthwith.

* * *

BUT we are treading on delicate ground. Besides, does not Mr. Burroughs say: "The free swing of the Jap's elephant you at once recognize as the real thing." We heartily wish we did; we mean to try. But recognition implies cognizance, and, candidly, we have never seen an elephant in the open. On the other hand, we are beset by a sentence extracted from the New International Encyclopædia: "The elephant's pace, when exceeding a walk, is neither a trot nor a gallop, but a sort of shuffle, the speed of which is increased or diminished without change of gait."

This is no light matter. It concerns not only art and letters, but the chosen symbol of the Republican party. At those awkward moments when tariff revision is obtruded, it might well become a subject for debate in Congress. Why not smooth our relations with Japan by adopting the Japanese conception as the standard of the Republican emblem?



Barye's Elephant. From a photograph



THE AMERICAN TREADMILL

The Way It Works

COURAGE!

I
It was evening at Annapolis. As the young naval graduate clasped the girl of his choice to his heart, he said: "Never fear, darling, we will be happy yet!"

"I don't see how we can be," she replied, tearfully. "You are nothing but a regular graduate. Alas, dear, what hope have you to succeed in the Navy?"

"While there's politics there's always hope," he muttered, not only wisely but almost too well.

II

A long line of physicians and surgeons stood in front of the White House waiting for positions in the Army and Navy. Among them, unnoticed, but filled with secret hope, stood the young graduate.

At last his time came.

"Your diploma, please?"

"Alas, sire! I haven't any."

"No hospital experience?"

"None whatever, but I'm willing to learn."

"Ever been in an ambulance?"

"Never; I am a regular naval graduate."

"Then what are you doing here? Ah, I see, trying to disrupt the Navy. Trying with insidious skill to undermine our personnel. Sir, it is your duty to take your place in the ranks. And when, in forty or fifty years, you have served a long and honorable career, you will receive the usual letter of condemnation."

"But I love another."

"So much the worse. Go to the Philippines and stay there the rest of your life."

"Can't I marry my loved one and take her with me?"

"Never. We need all the extra room for war correspondents. Avaunt!"

III

It was two weeks later. As the bell rang, the young girl, her eyes filled with hope, sprang down stairs.

In a moment our hero clasped her in his arms.

"Well, darling, all is ready. We can get married at any time now."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Yes."

"Then you have succeeded."

"I should say I had! I've just gotten a position in the Rockefeller Medical Institute. It is true, the salary is small, but in a few years I shall know enough about medical science to command a whole fleet."

THE heart bleeds to think of the hospitalities our naval officers of the battleship fleet are receiving in South America, and of how it must strain their meager resources to make even the most modest return for them. It is a serious thing for a fleet to be bombarded with champagne as ours was at Rio, when Congress declines to make any appreciable provision of ammunition for a return fire.



THE FLOWER AND THE MONEY-BEES

LIFE and the Jews

LIFE is primarily a humorous journal. Sometimes, as occasion requires, it indulges in satire and criticism. It tries never to be serious, to the point of boredom.

In its fun, as in its satirical and other veins, it has had, besides its desire to be entertaining, artistic and readable, an underlying ambition to be of public service. It has made fun of and satirized persons, things and tendencies which it believed to be inimical to our social and national well-being.

Its fun and satire, with an exception to be noted, have been absolutely impartial. Without exception they have been free from malice. Toward many subjects and opinions LIFE has not been over-respectful, judged by the standards of their adherents. Religion has not been one of these, for LIFE has never attacked or ridiculed the religion of any man, Jew or Gentile, except when religion has abandoned its own field and intruded in matters not religious.

In its impartial fun-making LIFE has found material in every class and race. The humor that is based on the differences and incongruities of race and class has been the humor of all the peoples that ever inhabited the globe. To LIFE a joke has always been a joke whether its subject was the white man, black man, yellow man or red man. Its humor has dealt with Americans, Irishmen, Germans, Africans, Englishmen, and men of other nationalities, regardless of what that nationality was. In its satire it has spared neither the rich, the prominent nor the powerful.

To this rule of impartiality there has been one exception. That exception was the Jew. LIFE regarded him and his characteristics as humorous material in the same way it did similar things in every other race. A few years ago the Jews brought their own supersensitivity repeatedly to the notice of LIFE.

You cannot picture a Jew without making him Jewish any more than you can picture an Irishman without making him Irish or a negro without making him black. You cannot picture a parvenu American without making him vulgar and ostentatious. LIFE had done all these and many similar things without protest from those described. The Jew has been the only one to show resentment.

Entirely without self-interest, only because it did not wish to inflict pain, LIFE varied from its policy of impartiality. It practically made the Jew exempt from its fun-making and its satire. It expected and desired no

recognition of the fact. LIFE was content to ignore the Jews and be ignored by them.

Not so the Jews. They have made LIFE the target of a silent boycott. To be boycotted by the Jews themselves was a matter which did not affect LIFE greatly. It was content with the patronage and support of Americans, whether of native or foreign birth and extraction. These have never failed to recognize its Americanism and its impartiality.

But when the Jews go beyond withholding their own patronage and seek to intimidate other supporters of this journal, it becomes time for LIFE to assert itself in its own defence.

Advertisers in LIFE have been notified that by using its columns they would alienate Jewish trade. We regret to say that in one or two instances American business men have been so timid as to yield to this kind of threats. Other and more insidious methods have been used by Jews to keep from LIFE some advertising it would naturally receive. The condition of LIFE's advertising pages, however, is evidence that the great majority of American business men are not the sort to yield to underhand threats and coercion.

A campaign of lying, anonymous letters addressed to many persons having business and other relations with LIFE, has been carried on with a view to inspiring bitterness against its editors.

Jewish newsdealers have sought to interfere with the sales of the paper.

The efforts of the Theatrical Trust composed of Jews to throttle its criticism is a matter of public record.

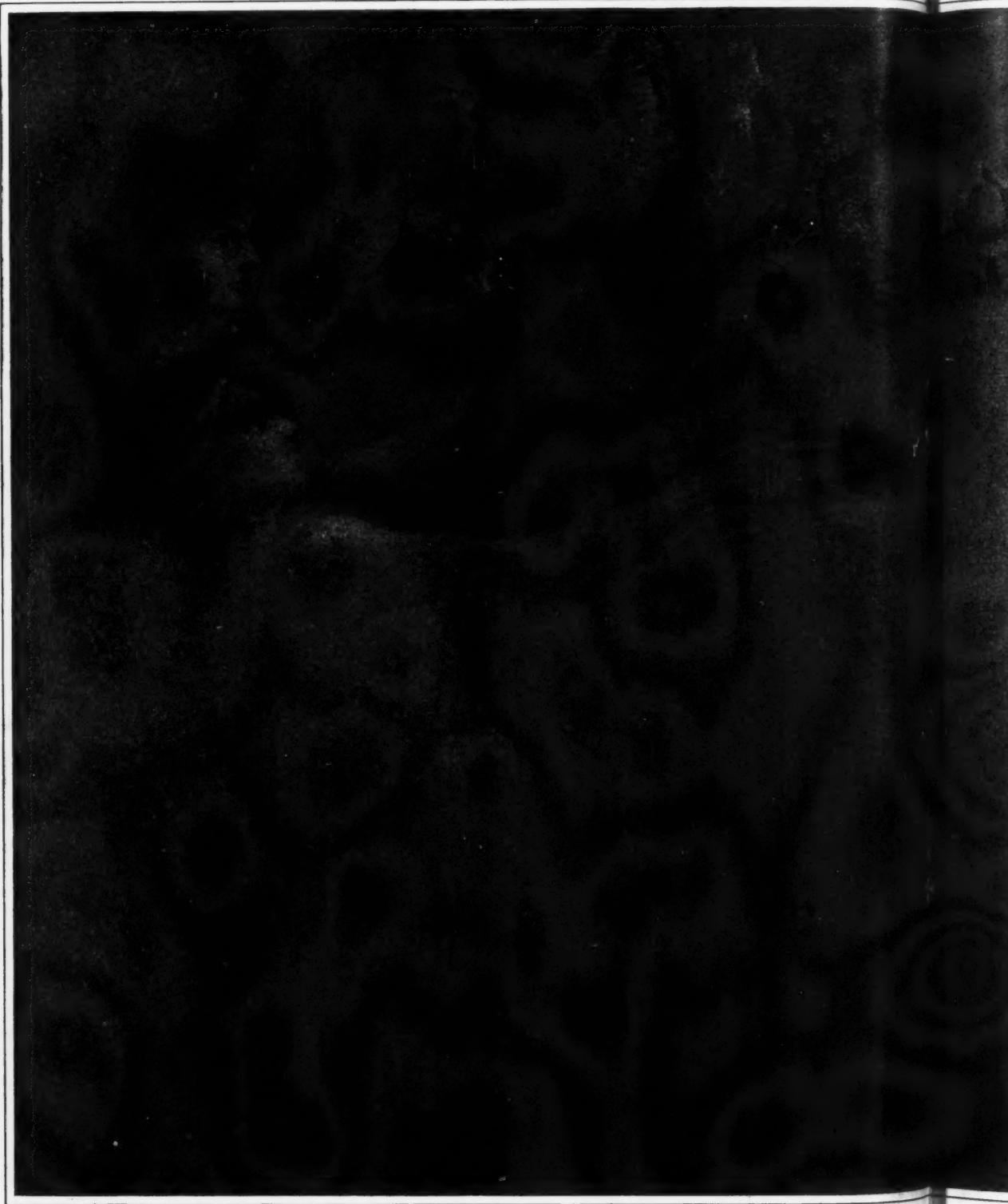
LIFE is declaring no war of retaliation on the Jews. It is not afraid of any Jewish boycott, open or secret. While it believes that the racial clannishness of the Jews is a grave danger to American institutions; nationally, socially and especially in the legislative and judicial branches of our government, it is not LIFE's function to wage warfare against them. LIFE has sought to spare the sensitiveness of the Jews by refraining from the ridicule they invite.

LIFE's disinterested consideration for the Jews has not been appreciated.

Therefore LIFE sees no reason why he should discriminate in favor of the only people who are seeking to injure him.

LIFE returns to its former position of absolute impartiality.

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BUT THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET LIFE AS

This picture, drawn by Miss Elsa Radin, of Jersey City, N. J., was the first prize winner in LIFE's contest for the best illustration of the

LIFE



IF SO SWEET IN LIFE AS LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—Moore

Miss Elsa Rudin, of Englewood, N. J., was awarded a prize of \$250 in

the contest for the best illustration of the quotation

• LIFE •



Back to the Old Days



VEN to this day some of the older settlers around these corners remember distinctly the performance of the late E. A. Sothern as *Dundreary*. To them there was a double interest in witnessing the revival of the part and the play, "Our American Cousin"—first, to see how the son's impersonation compared with that of the father, and, second, to see how the old fun of the part would seem in these days of what we are wont to consider greater theatrical sophistication.

It must be admitted that the occasion was something of a triumph for those who are wont to prate of "the palmy days." Old-fashioned and primitive as is the play, with its child-like and transparent plot, there was a sort of old-lavender freshness about it, a wholesomeness of atmosphere that contrasted pleasantly with some of the tainted dramas that to-day excite our interest and discussion of their morbid and complex motives. It was like meeting an old gentlewoman of a town and time that did not require a Sullivanic ordinance to forbid women smoking in public. Our fathers liked this play as a play even before the elder Sothern made it subordinate to his fun, and while we wiser children may think it crude and simple, we can not deny to them a more wholesome taste than that which divides its enjoyment between crass musical comedy and the matrimonial triangle or morbid heredity dissected to their most minute molecules.

* * *

WITH all of Mr. E. H. Sothern's most creditable ambitions, and with all the hard work he has expended in the effort to do big things in an artistic way, he has, as *Dundreary*, struck a far more agreeable note than any he has sounded since the days of "Lord Chumley" and "The Highest Bidder." Those who remember the father will miss the trim build which the older man never lost and a certain imitable quality in the voice and in the chuckle that accompanied his supposed discovery of some subtle meaning that was not subtle at all, which, after all these years,

can still be exactly recalled by a reminiscent ear. If we are not mistaken our Mr. Sothern lacks his father's inches, and this, with a shorter and thicker neck and larger head, rather detracts from the aristocratic and *spirituel* distinction given to the earlier *Dundreary*, in spite of his poppiness and brainlessness. But in face of all these recollections, Mr. E. H. Sothern's performance stands on its own merits. The traditional skip may be a little more heavy-footed, but he made patent and potent for laughter every point in the lines and business. The proposal scene and the monologue with Sam's letter were quite as irresistible as ever they were. No loyal admirer of the father need hesitate to witness the performance of the son for fear of destroying either a memory or an ideal.

* * *

FEW impersonations have been more often imitated. The fun of the part has been freely filched for other uses and has become familiar by repetition in many forms. It might naturally be expected, then,



THE ORIGINAL *Dundreary*

that it would have lost its point and fallen flat with such a very representative audience as that which greeted the revival of the play in New York. Strange to relate, that audience not only showed an unusual interest in the piece itself but greeted the old lines with a heartier and more genuinely merry laughter than is usually bestowed upon the up-to-date humor and situations provided by our most modern authors for our most modern comedians. No higher tribute could be paid to the comedy of the rôle and to the rendering of it by Mr. E. H. Sothern than this spontaneous and, at many times, uncontrollable laughter of a typical New York first-night audience.

The costumes, faithful to the period just preceding and during the early days of the Civil War, were interesting, and might have been taken from the wood cuts which illustrated the early editions of Mary E. Bradburn's novels, from which interesting works the plot of the play might also have been extracted without impoverishing them of incident.

The supporting company did its work smoothly. The *Asa Trenchard* of Mr. Adolph Lestina was not at all a bad picturing of what is to-day an almost extinct stage type, but carried added interest because it was, at one time, acted by Joseph Jefferson and because it also, at one time, typified the British idea of the average American. The principal women of the cast managed to be attractive notwithstanding their large hoop-skirts and their entirely modest but not



THE REPRODUCED *Dundreary*



THE LION IN LOVE



LOVE IN THE LION

fascinating sub-lingerie. The *Binney* of Mr. Howson was played as a valet of French farce rather than in the way Mr. Lytton Sothern used to do it under the training of his father. A good piece of character work was the *Abel Murratt* of Mr. Malcolm Bradley.

Persons who complain that they have stopped going to the theatre habitually because they are so often disappointed in the entertainment provided may safely go to see this revival of a famous character, to recall their memories if they belong to the older generation, and for its intrinsic amusement if they belong to the newer one.

* * *

MONTREAL is taking quite an interest in trying to make up its mind whether the plays representing New York life that

come to the Canadian metropolis are truly descriptive of people and existence in the biggest of American cities. The *Herald*, of the town across the border, started the discussion by maintaining that the New Yorkers shown in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" were truer types than those displayed in the rough-house concoctions poured out so prolifically by Mr. George M. Cohan.

Among other things, the *Herald* says:

Mr. Cohan is by no means the only offender. He can hardly Mr. Clyde Fitch and half-a-dozen others to court with him as "tiers-garantis" in any case that may be brought against him for misrepresenting the moral character of New York. He can cite a whole school of writers and illustrators of cleverness and popularity (in a certain circle of the New York public) as authorities for the Tenderloinian theory of New York existence. So long as these people confine their preparations to the New York press, we have no complaint; and in print they have done so; there have been several efforts to inoculate the continental magazine field with the Tenderloin virus, but they have always been unsuccessful, for the Tenderloin crowd is not large enough or literary enough to support a magazine. But in the American theatre, by reason of the power of journalistic criticism and the first-night claque—or anticlaque—this little coterie has enjoyed an altogether disproportionate power, and it is not taking Mr. Cohan too seriously to protest against the whole dramatic theory of which he is an advanced representative.

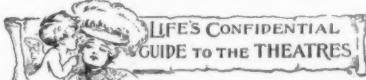
To demand that a blatant and cynical hedonism, as practiced in the vice district of every large city, shall be accepted as the peculiar and lordly prerogative of the true New Yorker is insulting to the whole nation of which New York is an imperishable glory.

However, the bias of the New York first night in this direction is undeniable. New York dramatic criticism, as a whole, may be clear-seeing and well-informed, but it is incurably cynical, with the cynicism which is vulgar because unfounded.

The first-nighters, the readers of *Town Topics* and a certain noisy element among the critics combine to insist that the New York stage shall follow the Tenderloin recipe, but every now and then the public manages to show that it likes something broader and more human and more decent, and we then perceive that New York is a great deal like any other city, only somewhat bigger.

Which conclusion is high testimony to the perspicacity of the Montreal *Herald* man. He has evidently found out that although the brass band makes the most noise it is not the whole procession.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Last week but one of Mr. Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West," with Blanche Bates as the heroine. Drama of early California days, highly interesting and well staged.

Astor—Irene Wycherley, with excellent company headed by Miss Viola Allen. Strong and well-told story, but not for the immature.

Belasco—Charlotte Walker and good company in charmingly staged love play of the days of the Civil War. "The Warrens of Virginia."

Bijou—Mme. Nazimova in "The Comet." An un-

wholesome problem play not particularly well acted.

Casino—"The Top o' th' World." Diverting extravaganza transferred from the Majestic.

Criterion—"Miss Hook of Holland." Dainty and agreeable musical play from London.

Daly's—"Society and the Bulldog." An unsuccessful attempt to satirize life in New York.

Empire—Maude Adams in "The Jesters." Well-presented but extremely light drama, in verse from the French.

Hackett—"The Witching Hour." Mr. Augustus Thomas' telepathic drama. Absorbing in interest and well presented.

Herald Square—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Musical farce, funnily done by Mr. Lew Fields and large company.

Hippodrome—War spectacle and ballet with circus features on a large scale of gorgeousness.

Lincoln Square—Edna May Spooner as *Madame du Barry*.

Lyric—Mr. E. A. Sothern in "Lord Dundreary." See opposite.

Madison Square—Katherine Grey as the star in "The Reckoning," preceded by "The Literary Sense." Clever short plays.

Majestic—Williams and Walker in "Bandanna Land." Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

Stuyvesant—"A Grand Army Man." Mr. Belasco's faithful depiction of life in a rural Western town, with Mr. Warfield as the star.

Weber's Music Hall—The familiar music of "The Merry Widow" as the basis of a fairly amusing burlesque.

West End—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.



"AUNT MARY MUST BE MISTAKEN ABOUT THAT BEIN' A RUBBER-PLANT. I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' IT FOR AN HOUR AN' IT HASN'T RUBBERED ONCE"



AT FIRST glance it may seem paradoxical that Mr. Howells who, in Schopenhauerian phrase, is so consistent "dignifier of the commonplace," should be so recurrently enamoured of the ghostly and the occult. He returns to these again in his recent volume of stories, *Between the Dark and the Daylight*. But as usual it is the essential and pregnant commonplaceness of these incidents that peeks out at us from behind his delicate web of narration and comment. Of this both *The Eidolons of Brooks Alford* and *A Case of Metaphantasmia* are delightful examples.

The new prose fancies which Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has assembled in his *Little Dinners with the Sphinx* offer another opportunity to those who do not speak poetry of meeting a foreigner of some notoriety. Mr. Le Gallienne speaks prose with a marked poetic accent, a circumstance that has led the invidious to accuse him of affectation. He is, however, perfectly intelligible and these minor decadences by a minor decadent exhibit with an interesting simplicity both the beauties of phosphorescence and the conditions of its generation.

The West, the vanished and vanishing West of the open range and the unreclaimed desert, is a pot of local color into which many brushes are being dipped these days. O. Henry, he of *Cabbages and Kings* and of *The Four Million*, has been dipping there recently and his new volume of short stories, *Heart of the West*, contains some of his most amusing and at the same time most telling sketches.

Mr. Charles Edward Russell, in a volume called *The Uprising of the Many*, paints a verbal panorama of the experiments in coöperative trading, municipal or government ownership, and socialistic paternalism that the spirit of modern democracy is trying outside of the United States. "Look on this picture," say the muck-rakers; "and on that" adds Mr. Russell, and he says it with such ebullitionary enthusiasm and convincedness that one can almost see the millennium walking up Broadway.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is never more frankly (as he is fond of calling himself) the story-teller of the bazaar than in his new tale of fourteenth century Constantinople, *Arethusa*. Full of Byzantine color, of deodorized barbarism, of most unconstantinoplean sentiment, the story forms a semi-historical fairy tale that one reads with the same pleasurable absence of effort with which the author appears to tell it.

The biographical recollections, published anonymously under the title of *Father and Son*, but suggesting the authorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse by internal evidence so open that the anonymity is scarcely more than a formality, will prove peculiarly and personally interesting to those whose lives have embodied something of the temperamental gulf between parent and child that is so tenderly and pathetically revealed in its

pages. The record is perhaps too subjective and outwardly uneventful to bring itself home to others.

A little volume of *Essays Out of Hours*, by Charles Sears Baldwin, deals with a number of literary matters, mostly of the past; and while there is about them a touch of the Johnsonian pose, a survival of the literary sense of *noblesse oblige*, this nevertheless halts well short of either the offensive or the ridiculous, and they will be found, out of hours, to be agreeable, if somewhat staid, companions.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Between the Dark and the Daylight, by William Dean Howells. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Little Dinners with the Sphinx, by Richard Le Gallienne. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.25.)

Heart of the West, by O. Henry. (The McClure Company.)

The Uprising of the Many, by Charles Edward Russell. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Arethusa, by F. Marion Crawford. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Father and Son. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Essays Out of Hours, by Charles Sears Baldwin. (Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.00.)

Thank You

OUR neighbor LIFE is twenty-five years old, and deserves it. We are glad to learn from its anniversary number that it is prosperous and happy. It is the brightest paper published anywhere.—*Harper's Weekly*.



THE LATEST (3 A. M.) PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT



TAKE IT, IT'S FOR YOU



Tetrahedral Sopranos

SOMEBODY reproached George Du Maurier for drawing all his women so tall. He answered, "I often try to represent a short woman, but, once the figure is finished, it is so easy and so desirable just to add a little more skirt that I can never resist."

What would one not give to be able to correct the drawing of certain real personages? If a heavenly draughtsman could only go to the opera and add another eighth to the height of some of our sopranos! And I fancy that, while the angelic artist was at work adding a cubit to their stature, he could hardly resist using the eraser on some of their horizontal dimensions.

Song makes flesh, and we have Marguerites de Goethe that can hardly get up once they have knelt by the jewel-box, and we have Marguerites de Gautier under whose weight the bed creaks as they waste away with consumption in the last act.

It was "La Traviata," based on the play known here as "Camille," that was chosen for the débüt in New York of the most sensationaly successful soprano of the day.

The coming of Tetrazzini was in radical contrast with Sembrich's conquest. Tetrazzini was treated for months as a great comet menacing our horizon. Her first appearance was given headlines on newspaper front pages. A sardined au-

dience greeted her with uproar before she sang her first note.

When Sembrich sang here first in opera she had no special success. Some years later she came back for a concert tour. There was comparatively little attention paid. The critics hemmed and hawed and said that she sang rather well and with commendable method

I dropped in at her second concert, expecting nothing extraordinary. When the Sembrich poured forth a marvelous flood of lyric ecstasy, with a perfection of mere ability that was in itself a rapture, I almost fainted with amazement, awe and delight. It was many weeks before it gradually dawned on the critics that she was the world's greatest vocalist.

And now is Tetrazzini to eclipse her in one swift dash over the border? It is an unnecessary assumption.

When Tetrazzini entered the stage as *Camille* (or *Violetta*) it was seen that she did not look the part. Her singing, however, made an astounding impression. It was uneven and had moments of very inferior quality. But when Tetrazzini was most herself, her voice had something in it divinely beautiful, overpoweringly sweet. I could think only of spun gold, tremulous, luminous, opulent, fine as gossamer, unbrokenly ductile, superhumanly beautiful.

Any schoolboy can, with justice, point out errors of taste, logic, beauty, information, even of grammar, in Shakespeare. At his worst, the Swan of Avon was as awkward as any other swan on land. But as Shakespeare at his best has a mystery of unearthly, godlike magic, so all other great gods arrive not by their freedom from faults but by their possession of extraordinary moments. This is true, also, of goddesses, and Tetrazzini at her best deserves the over-worked word "diva." She sings "wildly well" like the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute.

Little or nothing has been said in the papers of what, to me, was one of the most striking things in Tetrazzini's performance—her habit of singing whole phrases with her back to the audience. She moves about the stage as if it were a room. She ignores the audience, and is addicted to none of those flying wedges for the center in which operatic folk indulge. Indeed, at the end of the first act, as she took and sustained her high



IT BEATS

Z sharp, she bent over, picked up her train and walked far up stage.

When "La Traviata" was first produced, poor Verdi could hardly have dreamed that it would be used for the débüt of a famous soprano conquering a new world fifty-five years later. On its first performance in Venice, in 1853, the opera scored a complete fiasco. Mme. Donatelli, who played *Camille*, was remarkably fat. When the doctor declared her to be wasting away so rapidly that she could live only a few hours, the audience rocked and roared with laughter.

Tetrazzini, though far from a wasted wreck, provoked no laughter. She is by no means an unattractive woman, and her acting is modern and realistic. She died wisely and convincingly on a couch with her boots on. By the use of curiously uncanny, almost babyish tones of voice, she gave a surprising illusion of death.

She is a priceless addition to the music of the season, and it was refreshing to note that several of the newspapers gave almost as large headlines and almost as much space to her first appearance as to Mr. Harry Thaw's second.

Rupert Hughes.

"YOUR son's studying medicine, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Army or Navy command?"

From a Wise Friend

"LIFE is the thoroughbred of the illustrated weeklies."

HUNGER, Hope and Babies are the driving wheels of life.

Which Did He Say?

A Story with an Unsolved Problem

By Theodore J. Grayson

[In presenting this dilemma with its choice of solutions, the Editor of LIFE is conscious of impairing the artistic completeness of a distinctive bit of fiction. But the question involved is one very much to the fore just now, and LIFE feels justified in doing this so that its readers may ask themselves, Which did he say? And why? And could he have said anything else?]

CONSTANCE CHESTER pouted her ultra-carmine lips and poked viciously with a blue parasol at the tip of her tiny pump.

"I want a hummer!" she announced. "Something that will make New York sit up and take nourishment."

Mr. Benjamin Marcus leaned back in his swivel chair and contemplated her through the half-closed lids of his small eyes. He was a neat, dapper little man, with a dome-shaped head, almost bald, and there was a rare white orchid in his button-hole.

A big flat-topped desk separated the parties to this conversation, and it was covered with a litter of correspondence and manuscripts, with here and there a silver photograph frame rising monumentally and displaying the captivating features of some young woman whose professional relations with Mr. Marcus had been slightly tintured by friendship.

For a moment or so Marcus considered Miss Chester's demand, making his chair creak abominably as he did so; then he came down with a bang and reached half way across his desk with a white, nervous hand.

"Here you are," he said, "two plays, either one of which will do with some alteration—'The Strife of the Strong,' by

Verner, and 'The Atonement,' by that young Southerner, Beverly Vaine."

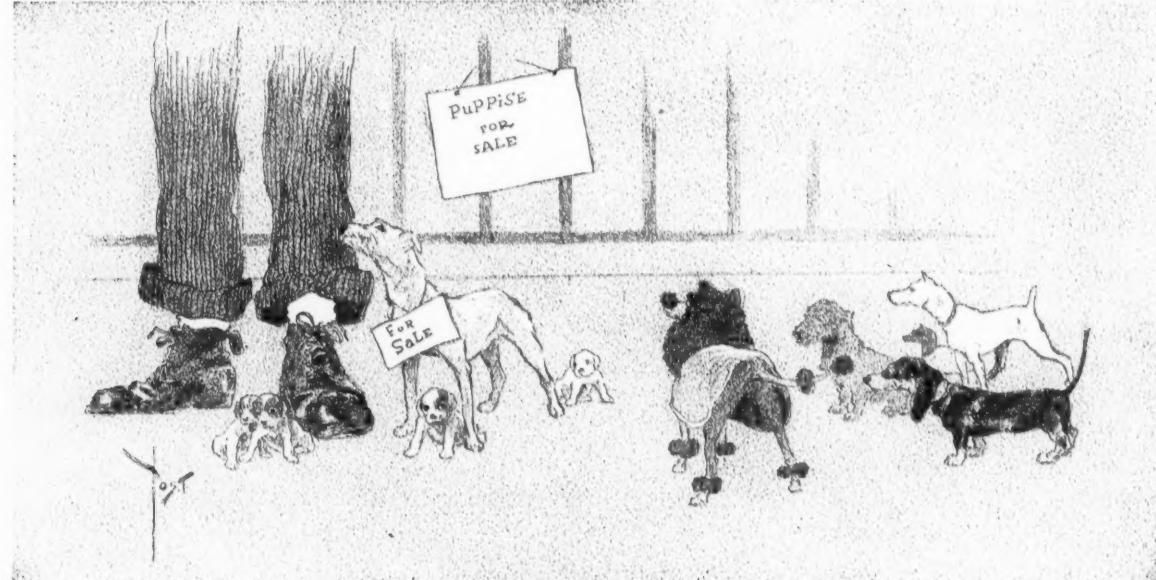
It didn't take Miss Chester long to decide between the two. "That's an all-right combination," she exclaimed, writing it out as she spoke, with the tip of her parasol.

Mr. Benjamin Marcus presents
Constance Chester
in
The Atonement
by
Beverly Vaine

"That's a perfectly good poster effect and the author's name is peachy; sounds like a Rockaway excursion boat. Is the piece spicy, with plenty of go in it; will it shock 'em some?"

Mr. Marcus yawned delicately; he had been over this ground so many times. "My readers say it's better than the average," he remarked, carelessly, "but the man has no reputation to speak of. He did 'The Sorceress' for the Popular Price people last year, and he has sold several twenty-minute skits to the Keith Circuit."

Miss Chester knitted her penciled brows as if trying to recollect something. "Beverly Vaine," she muttered. "Why, yes, I *did* meet him. It was at a tea at The Players or The Arts, I never can remember which is which. He's tall, sallow, dark haired, and good looking. He"—with a giggle—"he seemed shocked because I couldn't remember where Shakespeare was born."



THE PRESSURE OF POVERTY



Her Papa: YES, YOUR ANCESTORS ARE O. K., DOOK. THEY'RE DEAD. YOU'RE THE HANDICAP, OLD MAN

The little man across the desk smiled cynically. "I'm afraid he's not very modern," he remarked, "but you must attend to his education." Then, more seriously, "If you care to, you had better take this away and let me know in a day or so how it strikes you; and, by the way," with a sly smile, "it will stand good dressing and plenty of it."

Constance Chester nodded understandingly and extended a slim, daintily gloved hand for the bundle of typewritten pages. "Of course, I wouldn't handle anything that I couldn't look my best in," she murmured, sweetly, and then as she swept to the door, she flung a parting remark over her shoulder, "It's no go, anyway, unless I have plenty of center!"

The industrious Mr. Marcus was already deep in another matter and he abstracted himself with considerable irritation. "If your part's not prominent enough, you know what you can do!" he snapped.

"Yes, indeed," floated back the laughing reply from the hall, "I can make the author fix it, and if he doesn't want to you can fix him!"

"That's it," said Marcus, briefly, and he pressed an ivory button as he spoke, for he was tired of pretty Miss Chester's airy egotism and he wanted Miss Stern, his patient, dark eyed stenographer, to come with her note-book and take dictation.

Among the letters which Mr. Marcus dictated that morning was a brief note which bumped downtown in a mail cart during the course of the day and reached the hands of Beverly Vaine just as he and his room-mates, Maloney and Glendening, were starting for the French restaurant where they frequently dined.

Vaine's hand trembled as he tore open the envelope, for he

saw from the corner that it was from Marcus. Maloney and Glendening were even more excited than he.

"What luck?" they chorused, eagerly. Vaine did not answer for a moment, for he could not control his voice. "Mighty good; you-all can see it," he finally said, in his pleasant Southern drawl.

Clifton Maloney, a lanky young Irishman, grabbed the letter from Vaine before he had finished speaking, and the next instant was performing a kind of war dance in the middle of Fourteenth Street, while little Glendening was dodging around him trying to catch a glimpse of the wonderful letter.

"He'll projuce it!" Maloney roared, waving the paper over his carroty head.

"When?" panted Glendening, trying to climb up his friend's back.

"This fall!"

"What?"

"Sure!" And Maloney continued his triumphal progress down the street, with Glendening and Vaine at his heels.

What a dinner they had that night at old Peter Rainault's! If the napery was not of the whitest, the wine was real Bordeaux and glowed a dull, warm red in the glass, and Mere Rainault's cooking was

of the best and notable for a prodigal use of the purest olive oil. At Rainault's a number of their friends joined them, and Vaine was showered with congratulations. It was, indeed, a night which he could never forget, a night when the spirit of unselfish good fellowship reigned supreme, and in the midst of his good luck he felt sustained and blessed by the affectionate good wishes of his comrades. Truly vagabonds of fortune are princes of the heart.

This story continued on page 156



The next morning, as Mr. Marcus had requested in his letter, Beverly Vaine called at the manager's office, and after a rather long wait, was ushered in by Miss Stern.

Marcus was barely visible behind his heavily littered desk, but now and then his big dome-shaped bald head would appear and instantly dip below the horizon, as it were, presenting an amusing resemblance to an animated ostrich egg. For some moments he took no notice whatever of Beverly Vaine, then he glanced hurriedly at her and crooked his thumb inward. "Take a seat!" he said. Beverly sat.

Mr. Marcus again forgot him and dictated a long letter to Miss Stern. Vaine watched her slim fingers fly over her notebook and became more and more uneasy; at last he coughed. Miss Stern looked up, but Mr. Marcus did not, so Vaine coughed more loudly. At the sound Marcus raised his head and stared impatiently at the young man before him; then he wheeled around in his swivel chair, sank his big head against his small body, placed his white jeweled fingers on his knees, and spoke very rapidly in the manner of a shrewd, far-seeing business man.

"Mr. Vaine, I wrote you the terms upon which I am willing to produce 'The Atonement' for Miss Chester. Are they satisfactory?"

"I think so, sir, but"—

"Very well. Now, of course, you will have to make some alterations to suit the star, and there are some practical changes which my manager, Mr. Fielding, will suggest to you. We shall open on the twenty-eighth and you will, of course, assist at rehearsals and do what is necessary until that time. Now I must ask you to excuse me. Miss Stern, will you ask Mr. Barry to come in?" And so in two minutes after this momentous interview began it was over and Vaine was on Broadway once more, rather dazed and wholly disappointed by the treatment he had received.

At his rooms he found a tiny scented note covered with a large-lettered handwriting, which informed him that Miss Constance Chester congratulated him on his success as a playwright and would be glad if he would take tea with her that afternoon in her apartment on West Seventy-sixth Street.

Accordingly, at five o'clock Vaine entered a glistening new apartment house and was shot up to the seventh floor, where he found Miss Chester in a nest of silken cushions smoking a fragrant Turkish cigarette. She extended a jeweled white hand with great good humor. "Glad to see you, Mr. Vaine. I think we've met before," she said.

"At the Arts, wasn't it?" he queried.

"I think so. Funny you should be writin' my play. Got it with you?"

With a slight blush, Beverly produced the manuscript and Miss Chester ran over it with a practiced eye.

"Hum," she said, firing her comments at him between puffs of her cigarette, "I'm *Marta*, of course? Well, it looks pretty good to me, only I want the first scene made into a garden party. I've the dandiest costume for it that I wore at Longchamps this summer."

"But, my dear Miss Chester," Vaine interposed, "I can't possibly do that. You are a peasant girl in the first act, and that has got to be on the coast of Brittany."

Miss Chester's fine eyebrows drew together rather ominously. "Well, you've got to work in that Longchamps gown later," was all she said.

A few silent moments ensued and then the woman flung down the paper and turned rather angrily toward Vaine. "Here!" she objected, "this man *Breval* talks too much; in many places his speeches are as long as mine!"

Beverly Vaine strove to hide a smile. "He is the hero, you see," he explained, affably.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" Miss Chester spoke sharply.

"Surely not, and that is why you should realize that your leading man"—

"That's just it; I can't bear my leading man. I know Marcus

will use Gerald Standish, who is just off the road with 'The Adventurers,' and Gerald Standish is a *pig*. See here," she added, an idea suddenly possessing her, "I've got a copy of this myself, and I'm busy going over it now. By Monday I'll be through with it, and then I'll return it to you with a few suggestions, and I just want to say, Mr. Vaine, that I've had a little more experience in these matters than you, and it's customary for the views of an actress who is to create a part to be accepted by an author wherever possible, and Mr. Marcus told me he should certainly expect you to consider my wishes in this matter." She paused for breath and looked curiously at Vaine, who had risen and was standing silently before her, hat in hand and quite pale. "Have I made myself clear?" she observed, more gently.

"Perfectly so," Vaine replied, in a tone as courteous as it was cold, "and now I'll say good afternoon."

"But you will surely stay for a cup of tea, won't you?" coaxed Miss Chester, for she had not meant to offend him, and was in truth a little frightened at the manner in which her words had been received.

"No, I think not, thank you," he answered, slowly; "I shall expect the copy Tuesday and will do my best to comply with your wishes."

"Good-by, then," murmured the actress, once more giving Vaine her shapely hand. "And," she added, sweetly, "I do hope we shall get along."

"I hope so, indeed," said Vaine, gravely, "but you will have to do your share of the getting along." And before she could find words to answer him he was gone.

Toward the end of the next week Miss Chester had a stormy interview with Mr. Benjamin Marcus.

"I won't stand for it!" the woman cried, raging up and down the room, a perfectly natural red spot in the center of each soft cheek.

"It's too late to change the piece now," Marcus objected, "and I've ordered this man again and again to fix the play to suit you. Hasn't he done it?"

"No, he hasn't! He won't do a thing I want. He keeps talking about 'Art' and 'educating the public' and the 'deterioration of ideals.' Oh! he makes me awful sick!"

Just then Miss Stern knocked at the inner door. "Mr. Vaine," she said.

A steely glint came into Marcus's small eyes. "Show him in, Miss Stern," he said. Then turning to Miss Chester, "You stay!"

Vaine entered with shoulders back and lips compressed; he was very pale and reserved.

Marcus began without preliminaries: "Mr. Vaine, I am much annoyed by what Miss Chester tells me. Is it true that you have refused to avail yourself of the suggestions she has made, and which have been based on her long, practical experience?"

Vaine paused a moment before answering.

"Well?" said Marcus, sharply.

"If you mean, Mr. Marcus, that I have refused to dress a peasant character like a Parisian *demi-mondaine*, that I have demurred at cutting the leading male part to half its dimensions, that I have objected to introducing a chorus of eight flippant show girls into an earnest drama, and that, finally, I have denied Miss Chester's right to interpolate a vulgar recitation which she has used for years to catch the gallery in vaudeville—if you mean all this by what you say, why then I plead guilty."

So forcibly had Vaine spoken and with such evident sincerity, that both Marcus and the actress were, for the moment, taken completely aback. The woman was the first to recover her poise. "It's a lie!" she hissed; "a lie! Every one is jealous of my talent, and this man is paid, yes," stamping her foot, "I said it, Mr. Gentleman, paid, bribed, to put stumbling blocks in my way."

But long before she had finished her voluble outburst

This story continued on page 158

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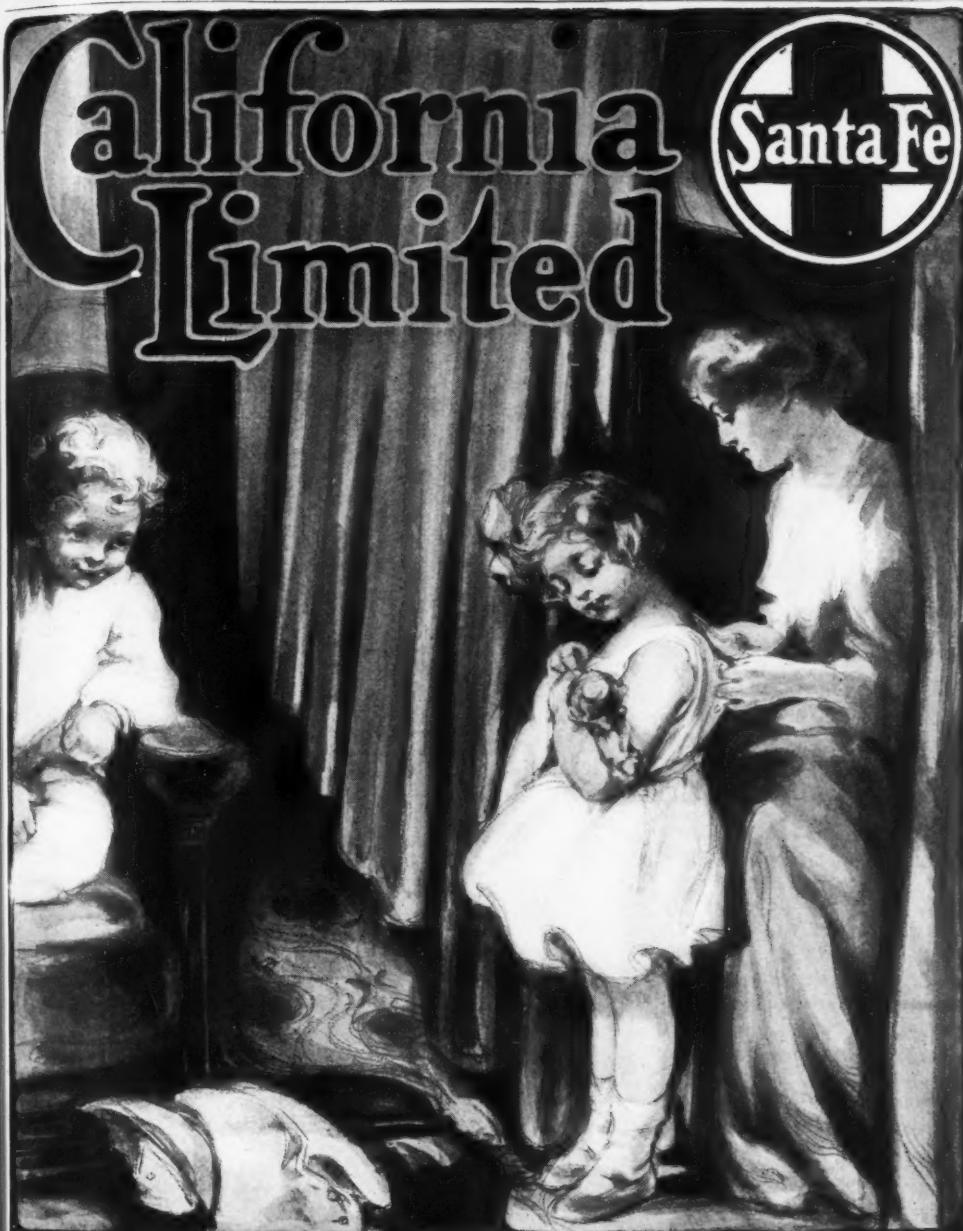
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DRESS

Eleven West Thirty-sixth Street
New York

Marcus was waving her to a seat, and as soon as he could be heard he addressed Vaine in a tone that was cold as ice, in curious contrast to the woman's passionate sentences. He had assumed his favorite position—the great head sunk upon the shriveled chest, the white, nervous hands lightly tapping the thin knees.

"Vaine," said he, "you're a fool! I didn't think so, but I admit I was mistaken. Who are you to stand there and talk to me as you have done? Why, you poor, miserable half-starved hack, I could buy and sell a thousand like you and never feel it. You don't realize your position, my friend. I'll have to set you straight. I'm paying you to write a play for Miss Chester. I'm not paying you to write for the sake of the myth you call 'Art,' nor for what you speak of as the 'public.' Those things need not interest you. I'm not in this business for my health, neither is Miss Chester. What we want is a play that will interest and amuse people and won't make them think too much or feel that any of their little faults have been ridiculed or criticised. I knew when I read it that this thing of yours was impossible as it stood, but I relied on Miss Chester to lick it into shape. Now, once for all, will you alter this play as Miss Chester suggests, or will you not?"

Vaine looked Marcus steadily in the eyes and answered him, very quietly: "It isn't a matter of *will*, Mr. Marcus; I simply cannot make such alterations; I don't know how."

"Very well, then, I'll get some one who does and you can pay him for his pains."

"Pardon me, Mr. Marcus, but you have no right to do such a thing. I would rather 'The Atonement' never appeared."

"Show Mr. Vaine his contract, Miss Stern!" Marcus interrupted, and as in a dream, Vaine read the cunning clause so inconspicuously inserted, which rendered him helpless in the hands of his tormentor. A little unsteadily he rose to his feet. "Good morning, Mr. Marcus; I see you have me at your mercy, but from this time I wash my hands of the play entirely!"

"Except to receive your check," the manager sneered. "Look here, Vaine, don't be an ass; remember, I can make you or break you, and in spite of your foolishness, there's a good deal about you that I like." And the little man held out his hand. But Vaine felt a queer, choking sensation and his whole soul revolted against the man before him; so he ignored the hand, and turning his back, walked swiftly from the room.

As for Miss Chester, she had all the time stood gazing out of the window, presenting to Vaine a most uncompromising back, but a little smile of triumph curled her artistically reddened lips, and it was only patient, tired-eyed Miss Stern who sighed sympathetically as Vaine passed her carrying his sorrow into the bright sunshine of a September day.

On the evening of the twenty-eighth Beverly Vaine sat in his room alone. He had tasted nothing since early morning and his head was throbbing painfully. He felt as a father whose child is about to be led forth to execution. Somewhere to-night the child of his brain was to be done to death. Maloney and Glendening had gone to see the performance and had urged him to come along, reasoning that it would not be as bad as he feared, and that, anyway, it was a great thing to have the play produced in any form and have one's name placarded throughout the length and breadth of the town. Never were friends more loyal or sympathetic, but Vaine could not go with them, and told them so.

No sooner had they gone, however, than he felt an irresistible longing to see that play. He soon realized that the reality could never be as horrible as the performance pictured by his imagination. So almost without knowing how he got there, he found himself in the theatre and using one of the passes sent to him for his friends. He took an orchestra seat and waited for the sacrifice to begin. He had not long to wait; from the rising of the curtain on the first act, he was constantly struggling between laughter and tears. His earnest, well-balanced drama, written to show the evolution of two strong characters in the throes of modern life from poverty to

wealth and power and the consequent effect upon them both, had been twisted and bent until it appeared like some grotesque libel of what it once was. The Longchamps gown was displayed with vulgar effrontery among the most unsuitable surroundings. The contrast between the characters was utterly destroyed, for the man had nothing of importance to say and merely circled like a planet around Constance Chester, who, radiant as the sun and gowned in all her Parisian finery, seemed permanently attached to the center of the stage. At odd intervals, whenever Miss Chester's voice gave out, eight shapely chorus girls were introduced, and they frolicked about the stage, displayed their underwear and sang silly songs, to the huge delight of many persons in the audience. Eventually the star reached her famous recitation, which the gallery immediately recognized as an old friend, and she only retired, flushed and smiling, after repeating it from beginning to end.

At the end of the first act the applause was generous, and by the time the curtain fell on the second act the house was frantic in its approbation. Again and again Constance Chester came before the curtain. She even made a pretty, meaningless little speech. The audience would not be appeased, but shouted lustily: "Author! Author! Speech! Speech!"

Now Marcus, who was behind the scenes and had caught a glimpse of Vaine's gloomy face in the orchestra, was much afraid to put him on, but when he learned that the newspaper boys had also discovered the author's presence, he was more afraid not to, and finally went himself and begged him to say a few words.

As though in a daze, Vaine arose and followed Marcus, as the energetic little man made his way through the applauding crowd, back of the boxes to the stage where Constance Chester awaited them, smiling triumphantly.

The curtain was down, but it scarcely deadened the roar which swept up from the house and broke about them in tumbling waves of sound.

"Take center!" said Marcus, authoritatively, to Miss Chester. "Now quick, Vaine, to her right," and springing nimbly to the other side of the actress he signaled to the wings and the great drop began slowly to rise. Up, up it went, and as it rose the noise increased, and in spite of himself a thrill of exultation flashed through the young playwright.

Behind that pale and impassive face a struggle was raging, alike unfelt and unguessed by manager or star. It was the crisis of his life. His frank, straightforward nature longed to loose the burning words of repudiation which alone could properly characterize this wilful pros-

Now, Marcus, who was behind the scenes and had caught a glimpse of Vaine's gloomy face in the orchestra, was much afraid to put him on, but when he learned that the newspaper boys had also discovered the author's presence, he was more afraid not to, and finally went himself and begged him to say a few words.

As though in a daze, Vaine arose and followed Marcus, as the energetic little man made his way through the applauding crowd, back of the boxes to the stage, and in another moment was before the curtain, motioning for silence that he might be heard.

At last he spoke, and his clear, honest voice filled the house with ease and impressed all with the winning strength of his personality.

"My friends," he said, slowly, "we have seen to-night something which for want of a more appropriate title I must call a play. Through a series of technicalities my name appears as the author, but God forbid that I should call it mine! I see that it has greatly pleased you and that is the thing above all I most regret, that is the thing which makes my sorrow doubly hard to bear."

For a moment the speaker's voice broke and the house sat utterly amazed and so silent that one could hear footsteps in the street without. Recovering himself by a great effort, Vaine continued: "My

This story continued on page 160

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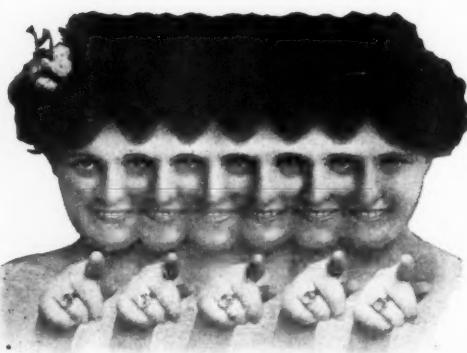
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titution of the product of his brain. On the other hand, he felt to the uttermost the intoxication of material success. The impulse was strong within him to accept the adulation so temptingly offered, even though he knew how unworthy it was. Why not bow to the inevitable? he told himself. If people liked this sort of thing and were willing to lionize those who gave it to them, why, then, it was merely sensible to accede to their wishes and let Art and one's ideals go hang!

But even as these thoughts surged through his brain, a chill feeling crept over him and with a tremendous effort he pulled himself together. He would never be so base, so untrue to himself, he determined; at least he could in a few brief words simply acknowledge the kindly applause and leave the stage with his ideals and his self-respect intact.

And it was with this intention that he stepped forward to speak amid the intense silence which followed the recent uproar. But Marcus, while he could not comprehend Vaine's spiritual struggle, understood him marvelously from a practical standpoint, and realizing fully the importance of the moment, he seized upon it and waving Vaine back with a white, deprecating hand, he insinuated his own personality and usurped the first word.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a smooth, persuasive tone, "I want to say something before Mr. Vaine addresses you. In a certain sense I represent you. It is to me that dramatic writers bring their wares, and as I make it my life study to know your desires, I say to them whether what they have to offer will or will not please you. I am glad that my judgment of 'The Atonement' has been fortified by your approval. It is Mr. Vaine and Miss Chester, however, who deserve credit for the play. Miss Chester has already spoken, and it now gives me great pleasure to present to you Beverly Vaine, the author of this play, whose past gives promise of a brilliant and suc-

friends, I am ashamed to say that I am no Bible scholar, but I feel that my position tonight is powerfully illustrated by the story of Samson. Like him I was once strong in my work, high in my ideals. Like him I fell into the hands of the Philistines, being betrayed by a modern Delilah, and now as I stand here on this stage and see the ruin of my work sealed with your tempestuous approval, I feel as the blind giant must have felt when he stood alone in the house of Dagon, the sport of the jesting multitude.

"If any words of mine could make you see how unutterably bad this poor drab of a play is, if any words of mine could drive it from the stage, if any words of mine could bring the American public back to the sane and wholesome drama of our fathers, then I would feel that my simile was complete and that I had pulled the house of Dagon about my ears and had died happily in a good cause.

"Now let me say"—but here the frantic Marcus managed to reach the orchestra leaders, and with a deafening crash the latest two-step drowned Vaine's closing words.

With a quiet, sad smile the young author turned away from the footlights and, gaining the street, surrendered meekly to the horrified Maloney and Glendening.

It caused a great sensation, the greatest of the kind New York had ever known. "Over-work" was the official explanation; "clever advertising dodge" was the most general opinion, but the thoughtful men and women who heard Beverly Vaine that night persist in the assertion that never was a human being more in earnest, and to their minds he is the perfect type of the sincere, the able and the unsuccessful man.

THE END

Continued from preceding column
cessful future. Mr. Vaine!"

The storm of hand-clapping which followed mounted to Vaine's head like golden, bubbling champagne. While Marcus had been speaking, he had been wavering like a reed shaken by the wind. Now uncertainty ceased, he knew that he had fallen, and

out of his surrender came unexpected strength. "My friends," he began, in a strong, confident voice, "I cannot thank you enough for your appreciation of my play. It spurs me on to further efforts and I hope before long to produce something that will please you even more. [Applause.] But the credit does not belong to me alone. Miss Chester," and he bowed gracefully to the star, whose eyes held a humorous glint as she returned the salutation, "Miss Chester has given her lines a human interpretation at once exquisite and appealing. [Another wave of applause.] Mr. Marcus, the silent, capable man behind the scenes, has made the production of 'The Atonement' possible and by personal suggestion and supervision has molded the play into the shape in which it has won your unstinted applause. Again I thank you, every one, and, indeed, that is all I can say. I thank you!"

With a satisfied, if somewhat cynical smile, Marcus again signaled the wings and the big drop came down.

To Vaine's credit be it said, that when the three of them were again cut off from the audience by the great blank canvas wall, he did not dare

to meet the others' eyes. But he need not have feared them. Both recognized his future value, both were adepts at dissimulation, and neither desired to imperil this newfound acquisition by a hint or a sign. Ridicule they knew he could not stand. Truly, they rejoiced more over his fallen manhood than over any number of useless, uninteresting just persons.

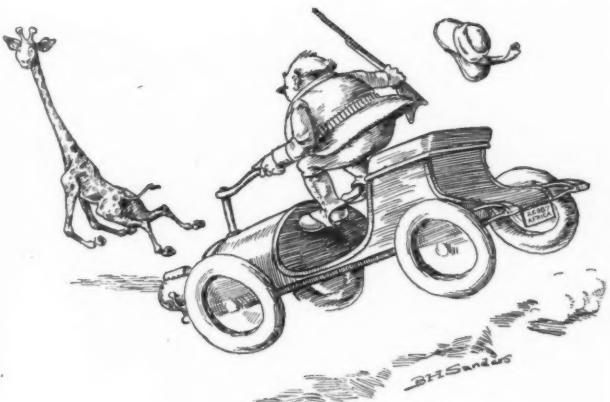
"You made a fine speech, Vaine, a fine speech!" Marcus cried, wringing his hand effusively. "Come and see me to-morrow; I have something else for you to do."

"Thank you so much for what you said of me," cooed Constance Chester, while the stage manager was urging them all toward the dressing-rooms so that he could proceed with the next set. "You will take tea with me to-morrow, won't you?"

"Yes," Vaine answered, courteously but absently, "yes, thanks, I will."

It was not of tea, however, that he was thinking, but of this new Vaine who had smiled upon the money-changers in the temple; this complaisant and successful dramatist whom he had never met before.

THE END



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This Coptician
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Free of dust) was feeling good.

But the optic
Of the Coptic
Was a freaky thing from then,
And the Coptic
'S little optic
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For the optic
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Has seen double ever since,
So that Coptic
With that optic
Is a hard one to convince.

Thus an optical illusion
Led to Coptic confusion.

—Chicago News.

AN AMERICAN speeding over the continent of Europe in his automobile asked of his chauffeur: "Where are we?" "In Paris," shouted the man at the wheel, and the dust flew. "Oh, never mind the details," irritably screamed the American millionaire; "I mean what continent?"—Argonaut.

LITTLE Tommy Whacken was taken by his mother to choose a pair of knickerbockers, and his choice fell on a pair to which a card was attached, stating, "These can't be beaten."—Current Literature.

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"The Chinese pay all their debts on the first day of each year," remarked the man who thinks it his duty to scatter wisdom.

"I have heard so," replied the careless person. "But I'd rather be in debt all my life than be a Chinaman"—Washington Star.

"How do you suppose that vulgar millionaire's wife ever managed to get in the society of such exclusive women?"

"I believe she always loses at bridge."—Baltimore American.



"YES, MY MAN, I'LL GIVE YOU A WORM IF YOU'LL GATHER
SOME TWIGS FOR THE FIRE"

MODERN ACTIVITIES

Positive, dodging street-cars; comparative, dodging automobiles; superlative, dodging the water-wagon.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE ASSYRIAN was scratching some hieroglyphics on a brick. "What you writing?" asked his chum. "Hanged if I know," responded the engraver, "but I guess some of those Assyriologists of the twentieth century can translate it all right."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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IN SOLITARY GRANDEUR

His hat is high, his face is smooth like Webster's and like Clay's, In all his little traits he shows a statesman's wonted ways, He wears a long-tailed coat that fits him snugly in the chest And when he stops and stands he thrusts one hand inside the breast;

He hums and haws with his replies—a Congressman is he, A duplicate of all the rest in Washington, D. C.

And yet apart from all the crowd he stands, distinct, aloof, Although he knows he's not the only shingle on the roof; His fellow statesmen in frock coats breathe helpful sentiments That they have hopes will drift back to their proud constituents. But he walks gloomily about, the fingers point at him To indicate just who he is, this statesman glum and grim.

What has he done? Is he for some disturbance ostracized? Nay, nay, my child, the man we mention is not one despised; He simply stands out from the rest, distinct, apart, aloof, Although we know he's not the only shingle on the roof— A wondrous man, unheard of in the halls of state is he; He hasn't any bill that will reform our currency!

—Chicago Post.

HAD LOTS OF BUSINESS

S. T. Jocelyn, of Wichita, was court stenographer for Judge Pancoast, of Oklahoma, for several years. One time a case was being tried before Judge Pancoast and they were endeavoring to find out through a witness whether there had been any liquor sold.

"What is your business?" asked the lawyer. "My business?" repeated the witness, laconically. "Oh, I have lots of business." "Answer the question," said the lawyer. "What is your business?" "Must I tell all my business?" insisted the witness again. "Answer the question," interposed the Judge, severely.

"Well," responded he, cheerfully, "I'm deputy sheriff and city marshal for Guiner, janitor of the Methodist church and bartender of the El Paso saloon."—Kansas City Times.

A REINVESTMENT

A Missouri man tells of an Irishman named Coughlin, who lived in a shanty standing in a field near the main highway from Kansas City. The foundations of the shanty were lower than the road, through which ran a big water-main. As the living floor of the place was raised on posts to make it level with the highway, it left a large cellar underneath, where Coughlin kept a dozen hens.

One day the water-main burst, flooding the cellar and drowning the hens. Whereupon Coughlin took steps to enter a claim for damages against the city. After much delay influential friends succeeded in securing the sum of \$25 in settlement of Coughlin's claim.

"I've got me money!" shouted the Irishman to a neighbor sitting on the steps of the next shanty.

"It's glad I am to hear that," was the reply. "And how much was it, Coughlin?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"And what are ye goin' to do with the twenty-five, Coughlin?"

"I'm going to buy twenty-five dollars' worth o' ducks," said Coughlin.—Harper's Weekly.

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For a dog's true heart for that household beat
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.
He was a dog.

He was a man
And didn't stay
To cherish his wife and children fair.

He was a man
And every day
His heart grew callous, its love-beats rare.
He thought of himself at the close of day
And cigar in his fingers, hurried away
To the club, the lodge, the store, the show.
But he had a right to go, you know.

He was a man.—*New York Globe*.

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SHE: What's his name?
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